ISSN 0712-7774

COMBUS GUTS

no.12

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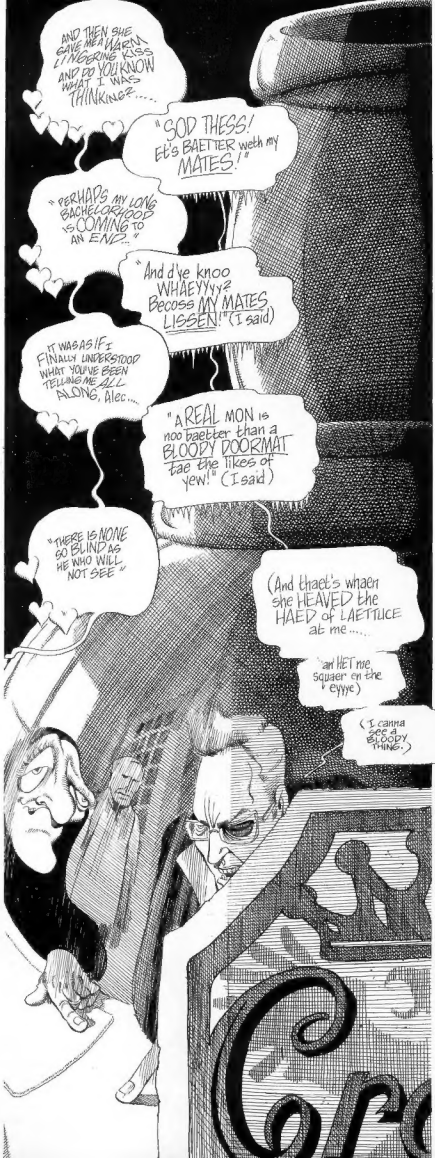
SUM WUN WUNZ TOL' ME-- 'E SAID: "Y'KNOW-- LOVE ONLY HAPPENZ WHEN YOO LEAS' EXPECT IT." ..... AN' THASS TROO, HIC'S... Y'KNOW?
WHUD'S TROO?
"LOVE ONLY HAPPENZ WHEN YOU LEAS' EXPECT IT."
OH! AYEANEANE....
SO (SEE) EV'RY MORNING WHEN I WAKE UP-- I SAYDA MYSELF "BEAR!" (I SAY) "TODAY, YOU ARE GOIN'TA FALL IN LOVE." EV'RY HIC MORN! 'G I SAY THAT T'MYSELF
HUH... SO YOU EXPEC'TA FALLENLOVE...
RIGHT. AN'THAT WAY I MAKE SHER I DON'T FALLENLOVE...
IT'S LIKE HANGING UP WADDYACALL GARLIC T'KEEB HIC'S VAMPIRES AWAY
HUH! AN'IT RILLY WERKS?
SO FAR... HIC'S SO GOOD!
212 NOV


AND THEN SHE GAVE ME WAS A LINGERING KISS AND DO YOU KNOW WHAT I WAS THINKING?.....
"GOD THESS! EE'S BAETTER with my MATES!"
"PERHAPS MY LONG BACHELORHOOD IS COMING TO AN END..."
"And d'ye knoo WHAEYYYY? Becoss MY MATES LISSEN!" (I said)
IT WAS AS IF I FINALLY UNDERSTOOD WHAT YOU'VE BEEN TELLING ME ALL ALONG, Alec....
"A REAL MON is noo baetter than a BLOODY DOORMAT fae the likes of yew!" (I said)
"THERE IS NONE SO BLIND AS HE WHO WILL NOT SEE"
(And thaet's whaen she HEAVED the HAED of LAETTUCE at me.....
'an HET me, squaer on the eyyye)
(I canna see BLOODY THING.)

CEREBUS

NO. 212 NOVEMBER 1996

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GUYS
a novel
•
(Cerebus 201 to Cerebus 219)

MONTHLY

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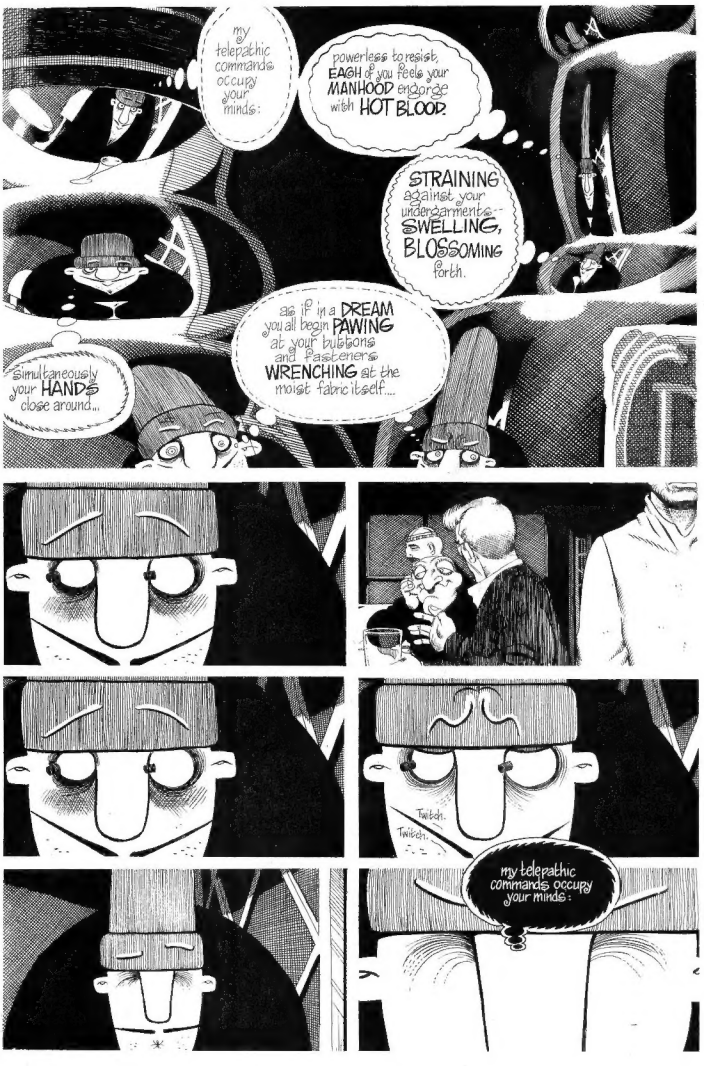
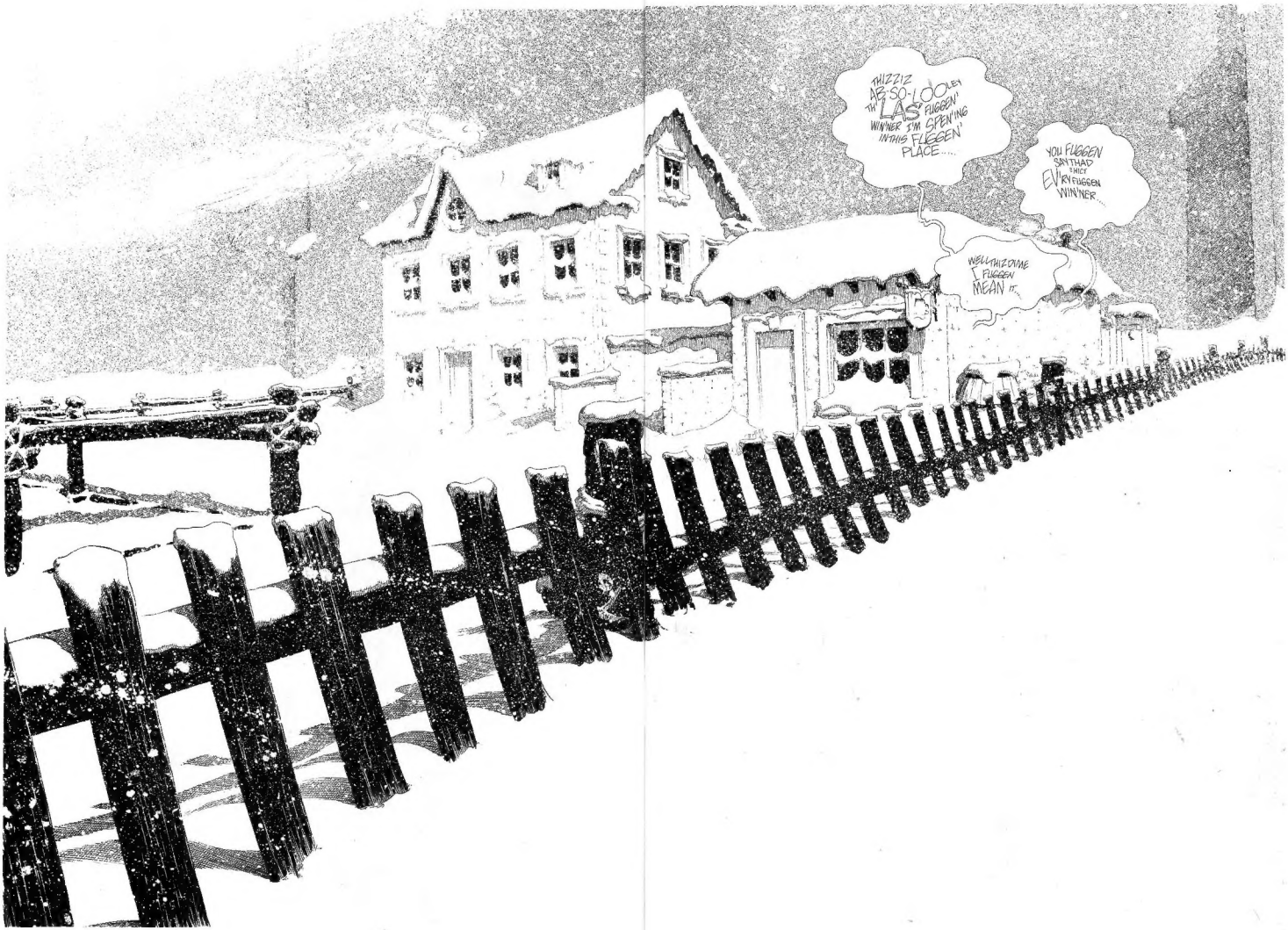

my telepathic commands occupy your minds:
powerless to resist, EACH of you feels your MANHOOD engorge with HOT BLOOD.
STRAINING against your undergarments... SWELLING, BLOSSOMING forth.
as if in a DREAM you all begin PAWING at your buttons and fasteners... WRENCHING at the moist fabric itself....
simultaneously your HANDS close around...
Twitch.
Twitch.
my telepathic commands occupy your minds:

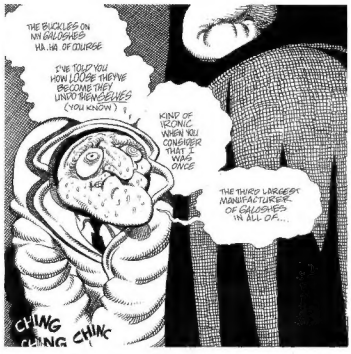

THIZZIZ AB-SO-LOOLEY TH' LAS' FUGGIN' WIN'NER I'M SPEN'ING IN THIS FUGGEN' PLACE....
YOU FUGGEN SAY THAD EVERY FUGGEN WIN'NER....
WELL THIZ OVME I FUGGEN MEAN IT.

SPEAKING AS A MARRIED MAN (MY NON-COMMITTAL FRIEND) -- WHERE YOU WENT WRONG WITH ZIGGY WAS IN NOT BEING MORE FORTH-RIGHT ABOUT YOUR NEEDS
(SHE COULDN'T READ YOUR MIND YOU KNOW)
THE SCIENTIFIC NAME FOR YOUR PROBLEM IS "MALE." "PATTERN." "RETICENCE."
(A SIMPLY BEASTLY TREADMILL EXISTENCE IT IS TOO)
SKETCH SKETCH
YOU SEE, LACK OF COMMUNICATION GENERATES FEELINGS OF RESENTMENT -- AND THEN THOSE FEELINGS OF RESENTMENT FURTHER IMPEDE COMMUNICATION.
LEFT UNTREATED, THE CONDITION DEGENERATES INTO MALE PATTERN INTRA-PERSONALITY RELATIONSHIP DYSFUNCTION WHERE IN THE MALE TRANSFERS HIS OWN FEELINGS OF GUILT, RESENTMENT AND WORTHLESSNESS TO HIS PARTNER -- THEREBY HASTENING THE DISSOLUTION OF THE RELATIONSHIP...
"EMM-PEE-EYE-PEE-ARE-DEE" SUFFERERS INEVITABLY BRING ABOUT THE DESTRUCTION OF THEIR RELATIONSHIPS (YOU SEE) THROUGH THEIR INABILITY OR (MORE LIKELY) THEIR UNWILLINGNESS TO ACCEPT THE BLAME FOR THEIR DESTRUCTIVE NATURE
Urine-Coloured Wine
TRUTH in ADVERTISING WINERY
PATNU
A DIVISION OF BREAKFAST NOOK DISTILLERS

HEY!.. I NEVER SAID I WUZ WATTAVACALL PERFECT..
CLASSIC SYMPTOM...
CLASSIC SYMPTOM OF "MALE PATTERN RETICENCE".
THE INTERNAL COMPARTMENTALIZATION AND DIVISION OF THE "INTEGRATED SELF" INTO THE "INTROSPECTIVE SELF" EXTRAPOLATING (WHILE SIMULTANEOUSLY NEGATING) THE EXISTENCE OF A "PERFECT SELF"
METAPHORICALLY TRANSFERRING "COMMUNICATIVE OBLIGATION" FROM THE "INTROSPECTIVE SELF" TO THE ALREADY NEGATED "PERFECT SELF"
THUS REMOVING COMMUNICATION FROM THE REALM OF THE ACTUAL AND CONFINING IT TO THE REALM OF THE THEORETICAL!
SO LONG AS YOU PERSIST IN PERVING THAT YOU ARE SOLELY TO BLAME FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF YOUR RELATIONSHIPS OWING TO "MALE PATTERN RETICENCE"
WELL (I MEAN)...
"MALE PATTERN INTRA-PERSONALITY DISFUNCTION" CAN ONLY LEAD TO "MALE PATTERN DISEMPOWERMENT SYNDROME" AND HENCE INTO "MALE PATTERN HOMOEROTIC TRANSFERENCE DISORDER"
AND...
HEY, MARVY... ISN'T THAT YOUR WIFE OUTSIDE?

KLICK KLAK
THOOM THOOM
AGAIN, GENTLEMEN I THANK YOU FOR YOUR INVITATION TO IMBIBE FERMENTED BEVERAGES
HOWEVER AS I'VE EXPLAINED TO YOU I HAVE FORE-WORN SUCH FRIVOLOUS INDULGENCES IN FAVOUR OF THE MORE ENDURING SORT OF SATISFACTION AND REWARDS WHICH ONLY EXIST WITHIN THE GOLDEN CONFINES OF BLISSFUL MATRIMONY!
WELL! SPEAK OF THE D!
UH! THAT IS:
HELLO, M'LOVE
(I DIDN'T HEAR YOU COME IN)

?

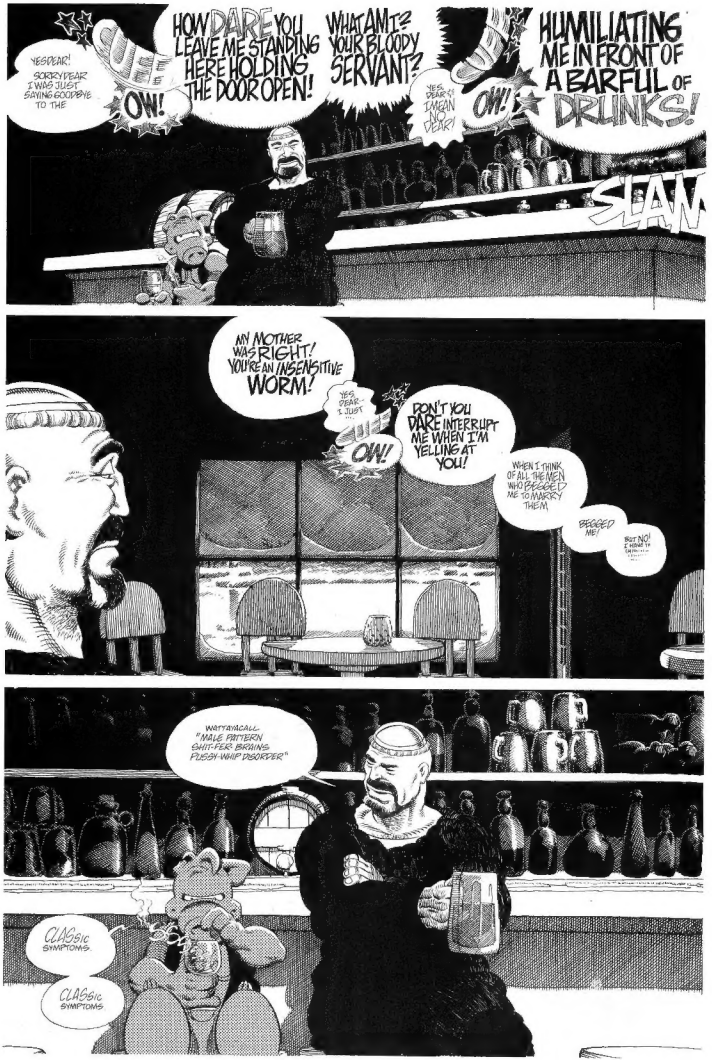

THE BUCKLES ON MY GALOSHES HA. HA. OF COURSE
I'VE TOLD YOU HOW LOOSE THEY'VE BECOME THEY UNDO THEMSELVES (YOU KNOW)
KIND OF IRONIC WHEN YOU CONSIDER THAT I WAS ONCE
THE THIRD LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF GALOSHES IN ALL OF...
CHING CHING CHING

YOU.
SOME.

HOW

WELL, GENTLEMEN -- I SHOULD BE DELIGHTED TO CONTINUE OUR DISCUSSION ANOTHER TIME ..... BUT FOR THE MOMENT (HEH-HEH)
IT SEEMS MY LOVELY BRIDE NEEDS MY ASSISTANCE AT HOME WITH SOME MATTERS OF A...

NOW

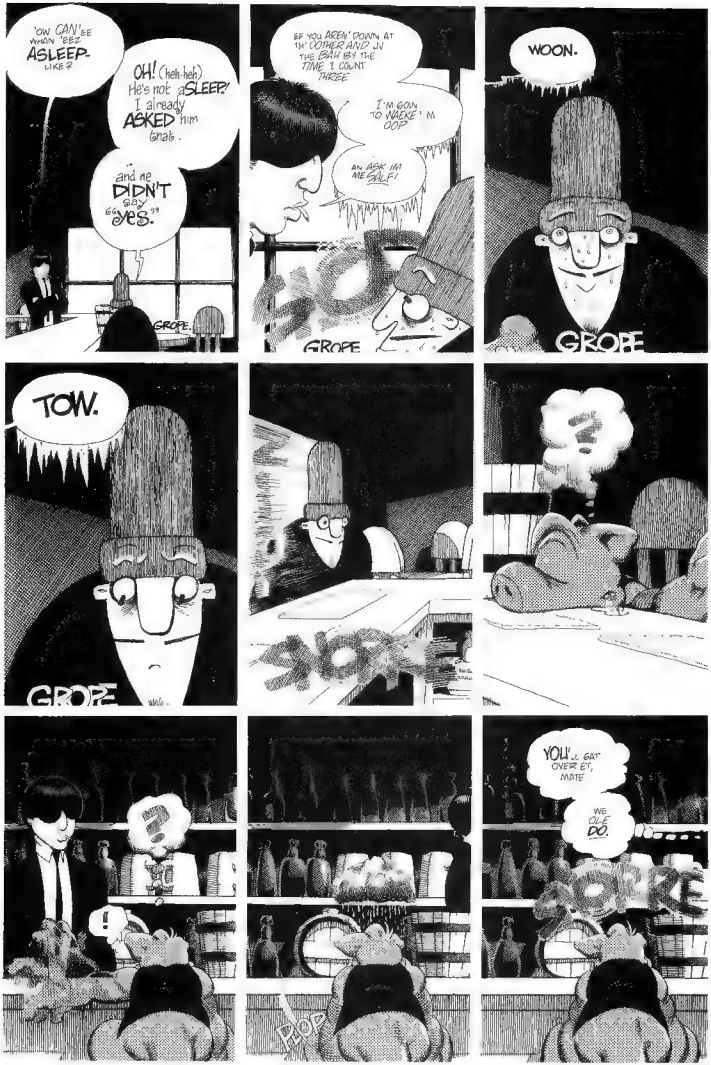

YES DEAR! SORRY DEAR I WAS JUST SAYING GOODBYE TO THE
SLAP!
OW!
HOW DARE YOU LEAVE ME STANDING HERE HOLDING THE DOOR OPEN!
WHAT AM I? YOUR BLOODY SERVANT?
YES DEAR I MEAN NO DEAR!
SLAP!
OW!
HUMILIATING ME IN FRONT OF A BARFUL OF DRUNKS!
SLAM
MY MOTHER WAS RIGHT! YOU'RE AN INSENSITIVE WORM!
YES DEAR I JUST
SLAP!
OW!
DON'T YOU DARE INTERRUPT ME WHEN I'M YELLING AT YOU!
WHEN I THINK OF ALL THE MEN WHO BEGGED ME TO MARRY THEM
BEGGED ME!
BUT NO! I HAVE TO
WAIT A MINUTE... I'LL JUST CALL "MALE PATTERN SHIT-FOR BRAINS FLESH-WHIP DISORDER"
CLASSIC SYMPTOMS
CLASSIC SYMPTOMS

HEH. SO... JUST LIKE HE DOES AT EVERY PARTY - HE STARTS SENDING LITTLE SIGNALS (YOO-HOO, HONEEEEE!) THAT IT'S TIME FOR THEM TO LEAVE...
YAWWING!
AND STRE-ETCHING
AND BUH! SHE JUST IGNORED HIM ...
HEH HEH
HA.
SHE IGNORED THOSE, TOO...
AND BUH!
AND HE STARTED GIVING HER DIRTY LOOKS
SNNRRR
GLOMP!
AND THEY ENDED UP BEING THE LAST TWO TO LEAVE...
CRUNCH CRUNCH
SO... CRUNCH CRUNCH...
I RAN INTO HER A COUPLE OF
CRUNCH CRUNCH
DAYS LATER
GLP

AND SHE SAID TO ME
"OH, BOOBAH! WHAT A GREAT PARTY!"
AND I SAID "YOU HAD FUN?"
AND SHE SAID "DID I EVER!"
AND THEN SHE SAID "DO YOU KNOW THE BEST PART?"
AND I SAID "WHAT?"
AND SHE SAID "BRIAN HASN'T SPOKEN TO ME SINCE!"
HAHAHAH

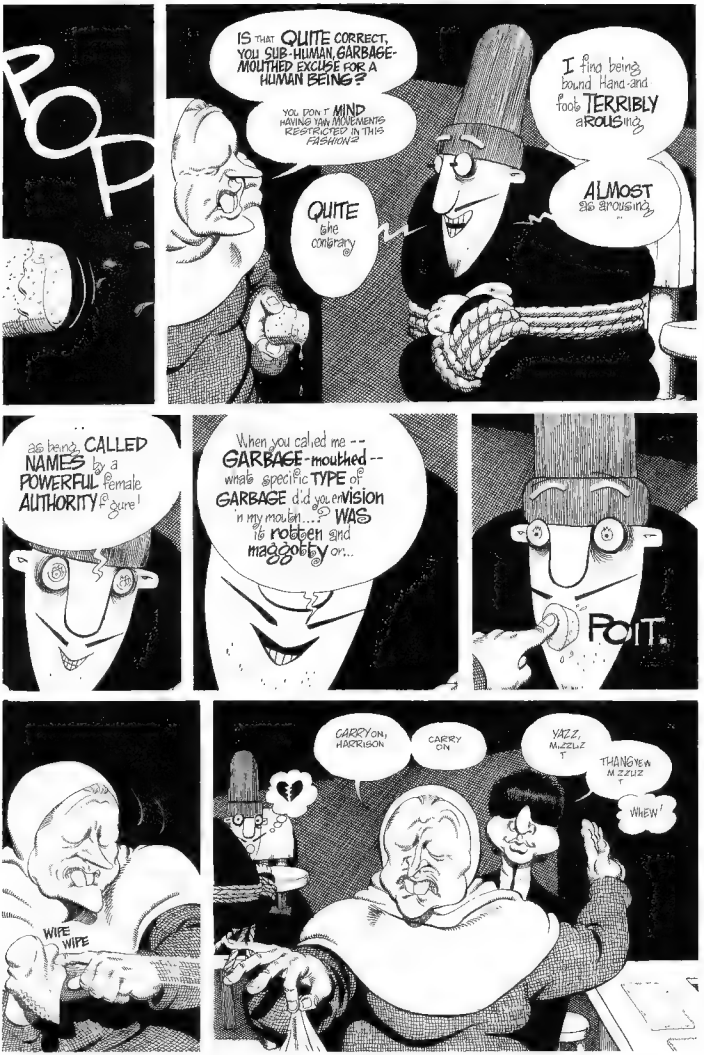
Ooh yesss.. A penetrating BREAST massage.. Nipple hardening beneath the insistent warmth of your fingers.. OOoomhh JUST like that
SNARR
'ERE!

WOOT's OLE THESS?!
Oh!
GROPE GROPE
I CAHN'T LEAVE YOU ALOWN FOR A MENNET CAN I?
SOW! WEDDYE SARPASSED 'AND DE MEN' OV YOOR TET THAN AYE?
GROPE
he asked if I would be a virgine
and I sa'd "yes"
GROPE
OOO, E DED DED 'EE?
AN WOOT EGZACKLY (AS SN) WHUP-F'-WHUP
DED 'EE SAY THAN..?
SNORR
EXACTLY? well... um
let me see
GROPE
You know?
Now finals I think BACK on it
It was I who asked HIM if he would LIKE TO and...
GROPE
..he didn't say "NO."
GROPE

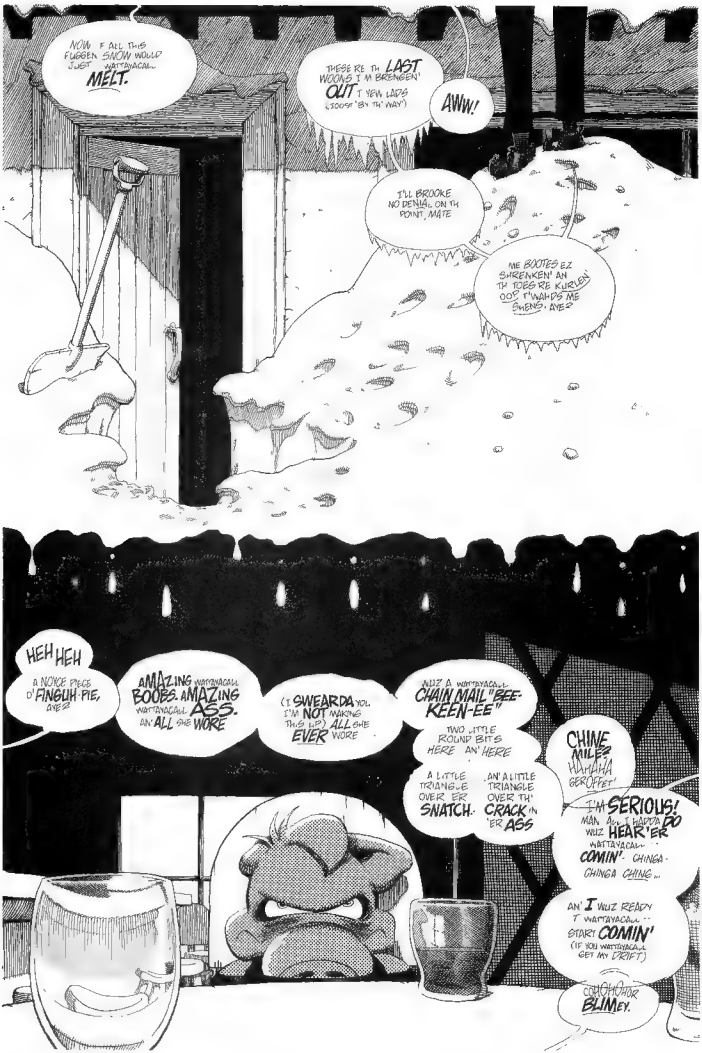

'OW CAN 'EE WHEN 'EEZ ASLEEP LIKE?
OH! (heh-heh) He's not ASLEEP! I already ASKED him. Ghlab.
and me DIDN'T say "yes."
GROPE.
EF YOU AREN' DOWN AT TH' DOTHER AND IN THE BAH BY THE TIME I COUNT THREE
I'M GOIN TO WAEKE 'M OOP
AN ASK IM ME GALF!
GROPE
WOON.
GROPE
TOW.
GROPE
YOU'...L GAT OVER ET, MATE
WE CUE DO.
FLOP

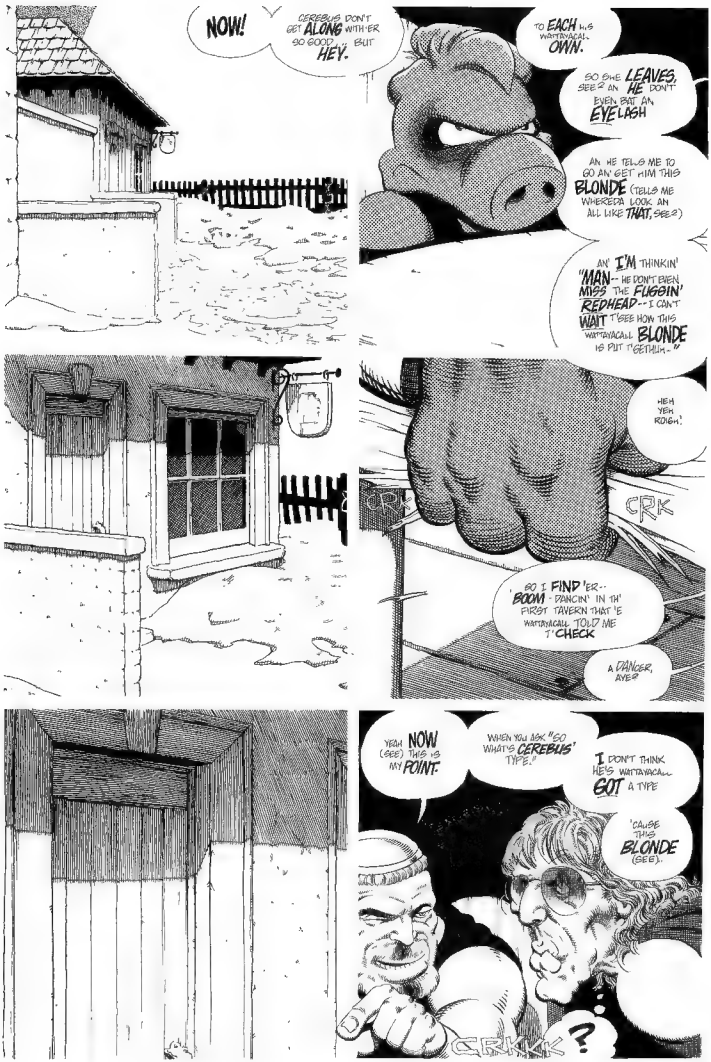
I CAN'T CHOOK 'IM OUT. "RULE 6-'2!" RULES.' AVE 2 BOOT 'TH' THEMS EZ UNIZZ-I T'LEEZ PRIVIN' OLE TH' LADS CLERE 'EOUN' 'TH' BAND.
AN' I DIE TROOBLE 'EEPEN' COOP WISTH ME DYCOTTES COOZ I'VE OLE WAYS GOT T'BE KEEPEN' ME EYE ON 'IM
TALKEN' 'IM T' BALT OOP AN' NOT BE SAYIN RUDE THENGS (OLE TH' TIMB.)
DR. JULIUS' STEWED PRUNES and OAT BRAN Liqueur
WHEN YOU JUST WANT TO MOVE
COME NOW, HARRRISON. THIS IS A BAR. VULGEDDITY OF AWLL SOTES IS TO BE EGGSPEGTED.
MAMMMM? THA—AT'S
OH, AYE!
BOOT THESS "GENTLY BENT" PE...A EZ ANOOTHJH KATTLE UV FESH ENTIREL
A ROTTEN KATTLE UV FEEN..
WHAT SOTE OF TH NGS DOES HE SAY?
OH! I COON'T REPEAT THAM TO YOU, MEZZLIE T
ET'S ME OOPBRENGEEN'. EF MY AWLD DAD EVEN SCOSPACTED THET I
NONSENSE. I'M NAUGHT MADE OF EGGSHELLS, YOU KNOW
IF IT WOULD MAKE THINGS EASIER FOR YOU, DEAR, YOU CAN WHISPER THEM TO ME.
WHA
OKAY

SLAP
SLAP
AN THOWZ TWO ARE TH NICEST WOONS I COOD THENK OOV.
'OW ABOUT BT, MIZZUZ T Z
CAN WE JOOST LEAVE 'IM LIKE THAT? I MEAN (LIKE I TOWLD YOU) ET POOZEN' BOTHER 'IM, AVER

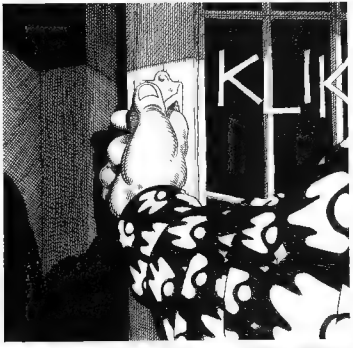

POP
IS THAT QUITE CORRECT, YOU SUB-HUMAN, GARBAGE-MOUTHED EXCUSE FOR A HUMAN BEING?
YOU DON'T MIND HAVING YAW MOVEMENTS RESTRICTED IN THIS FASHION?
QUITE the contrary
I find being bound hand and foot TERRIBLY aROUSing
ALMOST as arousing
as being CALLED NAMES by a POWERFUL female AUTHORITY figure!
When you called me -- GARBAGE-mouthed -- what specific TYPE of GARBAGE did you envision in my mouth...? WAS IT rotten and maggoty or...
POIT.
WIPE WIPE
CARRY ON, HARRISON
CARRY ON
YAZZ, MIZZLIZ T
THANGYEW MIZZUZ
WHEW!

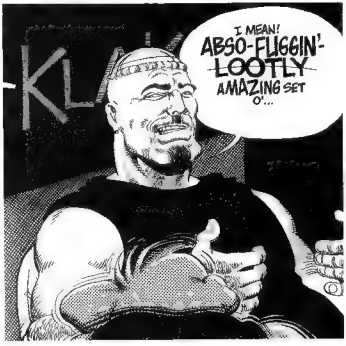
YOU WATTYACALL FEEL THAT?
EVEN THE WATTYACALL BREEZE IS WARM
AYE!
AYE
MAYBE I'M JUST WATTYACALL GETTING OLD
HA! "GETTING"
I AM OLD
BUT FOR A WHILE THERE I REALLY THOUGHT THE WINTER WAS NEVER GOING TO END
AND HERE IT IS..
THE FIRST REALLY WARM DAY OF SPRING..
AH! JUST IN TIME
CNSH
CNSH


NOW. F ALL THIS FUGGEN SNOW WOULD JUST WATTAYACALL... MELT.
THESE RE TH LAST WOONS I M BREENGEN' OUT T YEW LADS (JOOS' 'BY TH WAY)
AWW!
I'LL BROOKE NO DENIAL, ON TH POINT, MATE
ME BOOTES EZ SURFENKEN' AN TH FOBS RE KURLEN' OOS T'WAHDS ME SHENS. AYE?
HEH HEH
A NOICE PEGS O' FINGUH PIE, AYE?
AMAZING WATTAYACALL BOOBS. AMAZING WATTAYACALL ASS. AN' ALL SHE WORE
(I SWEARDA YOU I'M NOT MAKING THIS UP.) ALL SHE EVER WORE.
WUZ A WATTAYACALL CHAIN MAIL "BEE-KEEN-EE" TWO LITTLE ROUND BITS HERE AN' HERE
A LITTLE TRIANGLE OVER 'ER SNATCH. AN' A LITTLE TRIANGLE OVER TH' CRACK IN 'ER ASS
CHINE AILES HAHAHA GERUFFE!
I'M SERIOUS! MAN AN' WUZ HEAR'ER WATTAYACALL COMIN'. CHINGA. CHINGA CHINGA CHING...
AN' I WUZ READY T' WATTAYACALL START COMIN' (IF YOU WATTAYACALL GET MY DRIFT.)
COUGHCHOKE
BLIMEY.


NOW!
CEREBUS DON'T GET ALONG WITH HER SO GOOD... BUT HEY. BUT
TO EACH HIS WATTAYACALL OWN.
SO SHE SEES AN LEAVES, ME DON'T EVEN BAT AN EYELASH
AN HE TELLS ME TO GO AN GET HIM THIS BLONDE (TELLS ME WHERE'DA LOOK AN ALL LIKE THAT, SEE?)
AN I'M THINKIN' "MAN-- HE DON'T EVEN MISS THE FUGGIN' REDHEAD-- I CAN'T WAIT T'SEE HOW THIS WATTAYACALL BLONDE IS PUT T'GETHA--"
HEH, YEH RIGHT.
CRK
SO I FIND 'ER-- BOOM - DANCIN' IN TH' FIRST TAVERN THAT'E WATTAYACALL TOLD ME ? CHECK
A DANGER, AYE?
YEH NOW (SEE) THIS IS MY POINT.
WHEN YOU ASK "SO WHAT'S CEREBUS' TYPE."
I DON'T THINK HE'S WATTAYACALL GOT A TYPE
'CAUSE THIS BLONDE (SEE).
CRKKK ?

SHE WUZ AS DIFFERNT FRUM YU. REDHEAD AS NIGHT IS FRUM FUGGIN' DAY.
I MEAN LIKE I TOLD YOU THIS REDHEAD HAD AN AMAZING...


KLIK-KL


I MEAN! ABSO-FUGGIN'-LOOTLY AMAZING SET O'...

BITS AND PIECES

Dear Dave,

I went and picked up #210 yesterday. I can never just leave it until I get home; I have to pick it up and read it at traffic lights and stuff. So I'm reading the cover, inside cover, etc., and I get to Bear saying, "It's because I'm winning!"

I thought I'd wreck the car, laughing so hard. Funny as shit! Great setup from the prior issue. Absolutely great. The rest of the issue was fine, too.

Cerebus ought to come with a warning label: "Do not operate heavy machinery, etc."

Thanks for the adrenaline.

Warmest regards,
Rob Ritchie
3042 Brandywine Drive
Orlando, FL 32806

****

Dear Dave Sim,

I last wrote to you four years ago, not long after I gave birth to my second child. I had just finished reading *Jaka's Story* and the beginning of *Melmoth*. After that, however, due to financial restraint I could no longer collect *Cerebus*. I vowed to catch up when things got better. Four years later I have finally been able to take the money/time to read *Melmoth*, *Women*, and *Reads*.

I feel I have eaten an entire 750-page All You Can Eat 'gray matter in batter' Buffet. By the end my head was overflowing with volatile rebuttals, eloquent musings, and retaliatory quips or quotes in response to your writing...and then I thought, "Fuck that, keep it short, and get to the point."

I, mother of two, feminist and loyal *Cerebus* reader since issue 45, thank you from the bottom of my heart, mind, and soul. You have always entertained me by making me think. You do that by being true to yourself and your craft. I do not always agree with your perceptions, but I can still appreciate them.

When my sons are old enough, I will give them your work to read. It will give them more practical knowledge about "Life, Love, and Why Shit Happens" than any other book I can think of.

A noted gardener once said, "You can lead a whore to culture, but you can't make her think." Thank you again, for always giving me food for thought.

Elizabeth Bardawill
Carleton Place, ON K7C 3X4

DIAMONDBACK
by E. Bardawill

Who is the Priestess and who is the Queen?
Plotters of intrigue who never are seen.
Too many Gods with their false profits
wield all those in between.

Who is the High Priest and who is the King?
Whatever else, the prey is the thing.
Stakes so high they reach for the moon
and the power it can bring.

Who is the Lover and who is the Love?
A lithe, naive dancer with eyes like a dove,
spurns the power that could make her a hawk
to remain a leather glove.

Who is the killer and who is the martyr?
Saith the Judge, "It does not matter.
The timeless lesson is never learned —
blood cleans off with water."

Who wields the magic and who wields the truth?
One is Unholy, the other's Uncouth,
to die alone, unloved, unmourned,
sharp as a serpent's tooth.

Who is the Mother and who is the Child?
As our convictions are not always mild,
in a fierce grasp does more mercury flee,
and so our desires run wild.

Those who play Diamondback, play to win.
After the game they confess your sin
to Tarim, Terim, Christ or Gold —
their preferred God of tin.

Who is the Citizen and who is the Slave?
Butcher the innocent, torture the brave.
There is one "god" who controls it all
He's known to us as "Dave."

Who is the Artist and who is the Fan?
(Dave is the guy with the pen and the tan.)
After three hundred — what to expect?
We'll cross that bridge when we can.

Dear Dave and Ger,

Right. I'm an even bigger *Hilly Rose* fan now than I was before. Shit, Dave, when you roast a body, you cook with gas.

Issue 208 (*Guys* part 8) was probably the most enjoyable chapter so far in the eleventh *Cerebus* book. Our aardvark has achieved the Ultimate Level of Inebriation, it seems. Or not. There are eleven parts remaining in *Guys*.

Incidentally, I've bought four more copies of the collected *Reads* for friends — two of them women — and have also been attempting to incorporate some of the insightful analogies utilized in *Reads* into my book. It's amazing what one can find in another's words when one is able to understand the facts when they are presented to one, instead of dissembling for an overlong amount of time over what those facts have illuminated.

Dave, you're The Man. I hope you realize that. And, no, I'm not talking about how you're the one I should be looking up to in every aspect every step of the way to self-publishing. What I'm referring to is the one thing you can't denounce in this world: the fact that you, Dave, have done this gig for nearly twenty years.

And you haven't sold out. I probably just pissed off a thousand people, too, saying "sold out."

Terry Moore didn't "sell out." But he certainly didn't keep the Faith. That isn't a crime, of course, but it is a bit disheartening to the Cause. Still, more power to him. May *Strangers in Paradise* continue to amaze the world with its wonderful characterizations and delightful art.

As it is right now, I can only see Terry's leaving the self-publishing war — for the fence — as making a place for me to fill in the next year or so. Isn't that a beautifully karmic thought?

Or is it some ungodly emotion-based, knee-jerk reaction? Shit. I see what you mean about consensus being such a bloody great error in societal thinking.

Oops! Did I say thinking? How silly of me...

Anyway, Dave and Ger, this is just a quick note telling you to keep tellin' it like it is. I'm loving every fucking second of the ride, and I'm listening to each and every word.

By the way, I'm going over *Reads* again. That's ten times, if my math is to be trusted. Mind-numbing stuff, Dave. Take a bow.

Best,

Mark E. Roberts
14915 Sabine Drive
La Mirada, CA 90638

****

Dear Dave,

When I lived in Oklahoma City, I bought my comics at Planet Comics. They were cool, and they always had what I wanted. They wouldn't let people buy 80 gazillion copies of a book (even though it probably cut down on their profits). It was my favorite comics shop. It probably always will be. I was angry and hurt and amazed and frightened when I heard about the witch-burners that descended upon my poor Planet. A good friend of mine (a card-carrying member of the ACLU) saw you and Peter at the Comic Book Legal Defense Fund (raiser); he said you were nice guys (contrary to everything I've heard from "fanzines"). Thanks for running the picture.

Thanks also for spotlighting Don Simpson's (they drink "Duff Beer" on *The Simpsons* — very clever) *Bizarre Heroes*. It's a lost cause — Don's given up on publishing, and thus my favorite comic book is gone. (I first started buying *Wasteland* and *Megaton Man* at Planet Comics — boo hoo!) "The Wanker" was hilarious. I hope Don will bounce back, but I can't blame him for wanting out.

Thanks for running the Neil conversation. It was a hell of a lot better than anything else I've seen done on him.

Finally, I'd like to say that you pretty much hit me right on the head with your...whatayacall... analysis of Cerebus. I can remember trying to force my ex-girlfriend to "hear" the subtle things I heard in an Alice Cooper song. And being so mad when she said it was "good." Good? AARGH!

Oh, well. I'm a nut. Later.

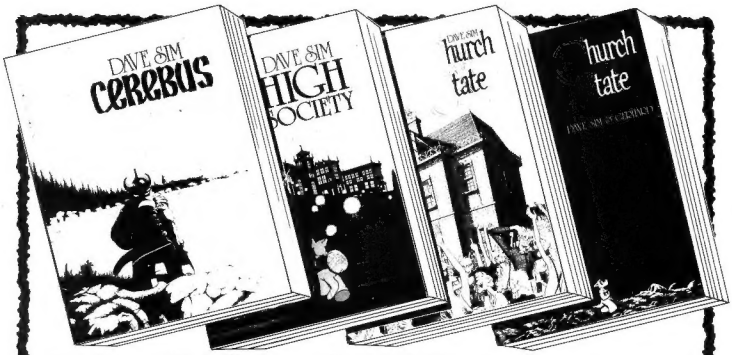
Michael C. McClelland
1324 N. Hollywood Way
Burbank, CA 91505

****

If I know Dandy Don, he's just resting a while. Actually the Duff Beer reference was a shot at Groening over his corporate masters suing an Australian brewery for calling one of its brews "Duff Beer." I mean, the Fox Television Corpse doesn't even make beer and they're suing someone who does for using the name? Disgusting, and I think Groening has to take his share of the blame for being a party to it by signing away his rights.

Anyway, thanks as well to Rob and Mark for their letters and to Elizabeth for her letter and poem (also for putting the "g" in god in lower case I added the quotation marks myself, Elizabeth. Hope that's okay).

Next issue begins a multi-part series: "Comics and the Mass Medium" (originally titled "Comics and the Mass Media" in the solicitations. I changed the title for reasons that will be apparent when you read it — I hope).



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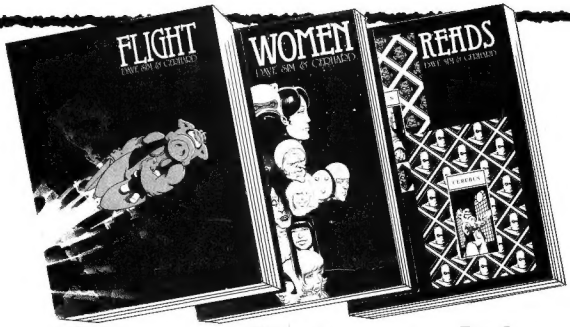

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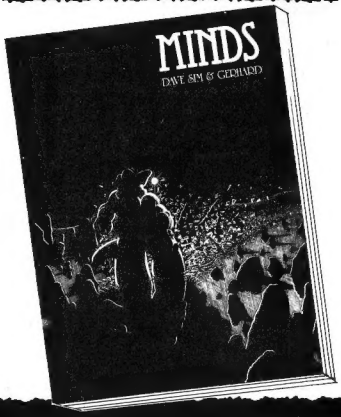

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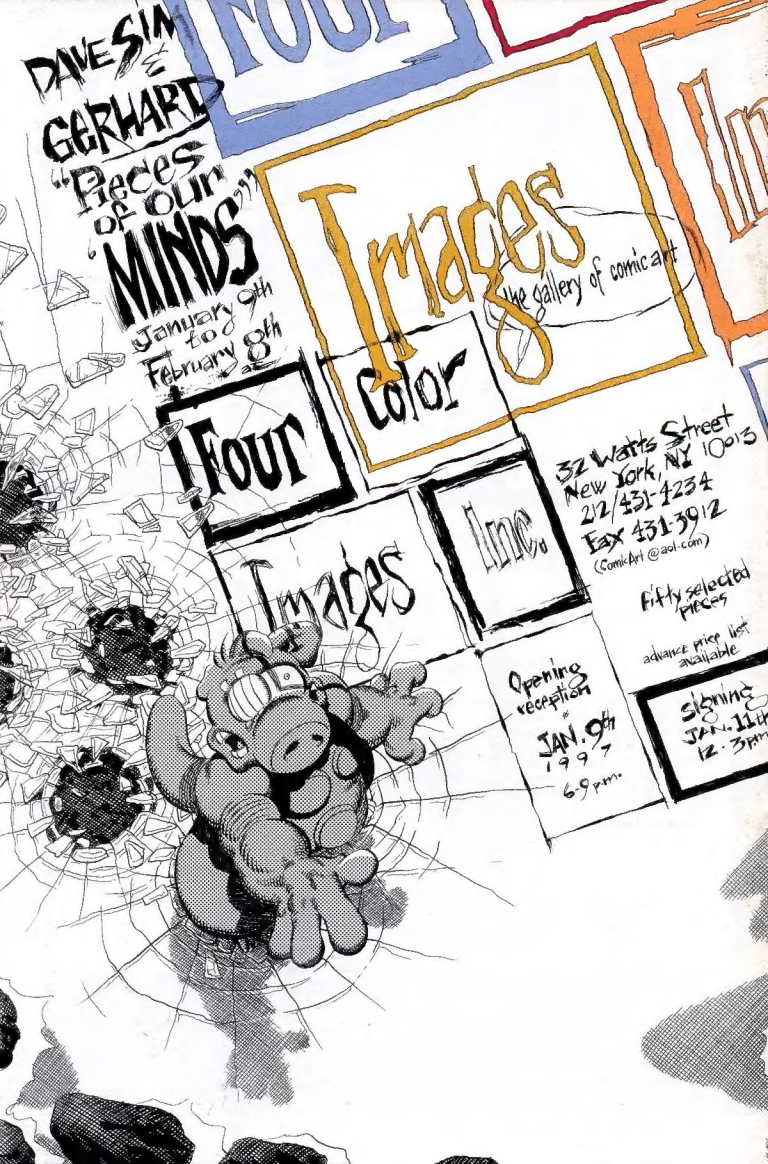
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